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THE GAITER BOOT.

O, DAINTY foot!
O, gaiter boot!
To pity your shocking;
We only know
Of one thing worse,
And that's a snow-white stocking!

So neat and clean,
Together sent,
Even stoics must agree
To you to vote
What Gray once wrote,
A handsome L-E-G.

The lasting theme
Of midnight dream;
The very soul of song;
Man wants you little
Here below,
And never wants you long.

By Plato ne'er
Sent tripping here;
By Plato rather given,
To lead poor man
(An easy plan)
To any place but heaven.

Yet still we vow
There's magic now
About a woman's foot;
And cunning was
The wizard hand
That made a gaiter boot.

For while the knave
The gaiter gave
To mortals to ensnare them,
Mankind he hoaxed,
And even coaxed
The angels down to wear them.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES

AND

VICIOUS AMUSEMENTS OF THE PAST CENTURY.

Notwithstanding the hue and cry raised against ennobling sports and amusements of a refining tendency of the present day, by not a few of the white-choked gentry and those of the same ilk, who declare that morality is on the decline, etc., it is established beyond peradventure, that the world still moves onward and upward, and that "the march of civilization" has deigned to include amusements in its category; and it will not be contended that the march of civilization is not at least during the past ten years. Compared with the last half of the past century, the amusements of to-day are the embodiment of virtue itself, as the following extract from an article in the *Dublin University Magazine* will exemplify:

One prominent vice was gaming. In the metropolis, houses abounded, not confined to play alone, where foolish persons staked their money without the implication of fraud, except by ill fortune, but houses of a double character. Women were openly employed to entrap the unwary, and the blandishments of the harlot were added to the temptation of the game. Some of these houses, or other houses differing little from them in character, were more select, and devoted to intrigue as well as play. The grades on a descending scale included the resort of thieves, common and heroic, or, in the latter case, what were of old called highwaymen—a race not extinct in the present century; for to combat them, the coach-guards prepared their fire-arms on approaching within forty miles of London.

Fashionable people opened their houses for play, and some not destitute of rank or title shared in the spoil of those they invited to their routes to be pillaged. These might be deemed exceptions in the class, but such cases were notorious, even among people of title. Few tables were to be found in private houses, where, though the play was fair, the individual of small means was induced to stake more than his fortune would afford. The Prince of Wales, behind in nothing that was fashionable or dissipated, set up a faro-table at Carlton House, where too many honored with princely smiles paid dearly for them—a thousand pounds having been lost there evening after evening by individuals far from possessing wealth to justify it, and by men not professed gamblers. General Arabin, who had partaken in some of the entertainments of the heir-apparent, spoke of them in his after life in very depreciating language.

At the club-houses play was high. Wilberforce tells how that prodigal, George Selwyn, who passed for "a wit among lords," attempted to make him a victim at Brooks's.

The faro-table, once so common, is now known to few in regard to its mode of usage. The game was called E. O. The table was circular, and had a wheel in the centre, which turned round horizontally. It contained forty cells near the outer circumference, marked alternately E and O. The banker or keeper of the game played against the company. He first set the wheel in motion, and then threw an ivory ball round the table in such a manner that upon its motion ceasing, it must fall into one of the cells marked E or O. If the ball lodged in E, the banker took all the money laid upon that letter, and paid all in O to the winner. As the sums staked might be even, and the bank neither win nor lose anything, two of the holes or cells were called "barred holes"—one E, the other O. If the ball fell into one of those, the banker received the money so staked, and paid none to the other letter. At length, competition springing up by the opening of other houses, the sum was at last reduced to half the barred hole. These tables were declared unlawful by act of Parliament, although not more so than other games of chance, as *roulette* or *rouge et noir*. Thus capricious is our legislation, which strains at gnats and swallows camels. E. O. tables, or *roulette*, are neither more games of chance, nor more ruinous than horse-racing, which now exists solely for gambling purposes—the improvement of our breed of horses, for which racing was originally established, having no concern in the matter.

It was to the credit of those who used the E. O. tables secretly, that the proverb of "honor among thieves" was rigidly observed. Men who lost or won never betrayed the keepers of the tables by information to evade payment, while the mod-ru blackleg will take the money he wins, but if he loses, lay information.

Immorality was open, and met comparatively little

censure in those days. The Prince of Wales, it is true, was cut by the Jockey Club, and the blacklegs of the turf cried out against him upon a point in which his Royal Highness was thought not to have justified himself. Some of the public entertainments, as given in our youth, would startle the present public from its propriety, while they were in themselves of a very insane character. Public and private masquerades were then favorite entertainments, and supported with a license which would put modern manners to the blush. They concealed matrimonial intrigues, and corrupted the morals by an indiscriminate mixture with the vicious. The Hanover Square Rooms, the Pantheon, in Oxford street, and the King's Theatre, were the principal resorts of fashion upon these occasions. They were attended by the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of York and Clarence, and others of the princes, together with a crowd of the noble born of both sexes, demireps of fashion, and persons of dubious fame. One of those orgies in the Pantheon, fourteen thousand lamps were lit, and more than fifteen hundred persons were present, of whom eleven hundred sat down to supper.

Just before the old state of things in Europe struggled with the new, which last, it must be confessed, was a vast improvement, the entertainments given were checked with political impersonations. Here strutted a mask with a double face, its shoulders enveloped in a cloak clearly a satirical allusion to the back stairs of the royal residence. On the back of the cloak a ladder was represented, with the words "secret influence," the person so masked carrying, in addition, a dark lantern. Another figure was observed followed by a squire, having a label in front, with the words "public ruin," both masks holding appropriate dialogues. Bishops and courtiers were continually personated, both at public and private masquerades, by allusions not to be mistaken. Hence, the taste of that period may be characterized. At one entertainment, the Prince of Wales, his brothers, and the Duke of Queensberry, attended. The last named may be remembered by many persons in their younger days, when turned of four score, sitting in the verandah of his drawing-room in Piccadilly, opposite the Green Park, at such an entertainment, when many distinguished personages were present, with others scarcely less conspicuous among the fashionables of that time. The names of the frail among the fair sex were given at full length in the newspapers most in esteem, as records of similar scenes. On one occasion, at which Lord Cholmondeley presided, the Duke of Orleans was present, and a great number of the nobility and "ladies of high rank and virtue," together with many of the same sex, as frail as fair, friends of the princes. Others of the same description, less honored, attended with their paramours. An expensive supper was served up, at which sixteen hundred sat down. Day had advanced a considerable way before the company departed.

Upon another occasion, at the Pantheon, the Prince of Wales danced cotillions, when he changed his cross of white, blue, and silver, several times, wearing a King Harry hat and feather, with a rich diamond buckle.

At some similar entertainments, remarkable for gross feasting and every kind of luxury, but without wit or vivacity, attempts were made at amusement by the introduction of the most out-of-the-way diversions. What would now be thought of hiring Italian harlequins to promote laughter, and arranging other exhibitions for the delectation of the vulgar? The character of such exhibitions speaks the feeble mental resources of the fashionable less than four-score years ago, and the great intellectual superiority of the present time.

It is not to be wondered at, that men of intellect sought for entertainment in clubs of a very limited number of members, and avoided a participation in scenes which had not a single reservation to place in the balance against such witless, though fashionable, immoralities. The description of such scenes were given by the papers of that day with much naïveté, and apparent unconsciousness of anything outrageous in morals, or incorrect in manner. A sporting paper of the usual character in the present day, would describe a prolonged prize-fight with a similar unconsciousness of its vulgarity. At such an entertainment every luxury was displayed, and the company were "disembarrassed from the restraints of common life." Another statement says:—Here all was turbulence and dissipation, there all flattery and intrigue? Such were the loose manners, and such the description of scenes of fashionable life, in the much-vaunted moral era of George III. The modest females who stand in the stalls of the present Pantheon Bazaar, are little conscious of the scene of their commercial calling being that of vicious intrigues, heartless follies, and luxurious revelings within the life of existing men. Can a greater insult be imagined to the noble dames of the court of Queen Victoria, than to imagine them congregated in such a society although princes were the patrons of such scenes! It would scarcely be credited now, that such servile and adulatory worship should have been paid to men of any rank, much less lead the noble dames of England into a self-degradation of which those of the present day would resent being supposed capable. The present time shows nothing as exceptionable as this in any rank or station.

But for bad taste in most things, the foregoing time was equally conspicuous. Costliness was found without regard to elegance, and frivolity ruled the hour. Fashion exhausted seemed to come back to second childhood for its regulations and adornments. Ranelagh and Vauxhall were then in their glory; but the first closed about the commencement of the present century, and the second lost all its former attractions before a score of years of the same era had passed away.

Ranelagh, not long before that event, was the scene of one of the most splendid entertainments ever given in this country by a foreigner. The French ambassador gave an entertainment there to Queen Charlotte and the Princesses, in which great cost was incurred for trifles. It was very characteristic of French taste in such displays. A host of opera girls were dressed out as shepherdesses and shepherdesses, with cornucopias in their hands, singing pastoral ditties to a lady who looked like any thing but the goddess so honored. Sprawling angels, genii, and allegorical transparencies, eked out the show of heathen deities and London opera-dancers; but, then, who could question the taste of the age of Le Grand Monarque?

The Spanish ambassador, not to be outdone, transformed all Ranelagh into a Spanish camp filled with tents, and at the entrance of every tent a page in full uniform. The celebrated gallery was converted into a temple of Flora, and the orchestra into a pavilion, lined with white satin, having a heavy gold fringe. Within the pavilion a table of eighteen covers was laid for the Queen and royal family. In front of the pavilion was a stage for the Spanish dancers, with their castanets. There were lotteries open, with trinkets for prizes such as jewelry and watches. Women waiters attended, habited as shepherdesses, with garlands of flowers; and they, not very consistently, handed round tea and coffee, according to the modern notions of Arcadian times. One hundred *valets de chambre* in scarlet, the seams of their coats decorated with gold lace, and lined with blue, and also waistcoats of blue and gold, attended upon the company. Upon these

valets in scarlet, a hundred footmen, in blue and silver coats and waistcoats, attended. Fireworks, pastorellas, dryads, and nymphs, attended on all sides, to stimulate Elysium amid the murky atmosphere of London. Between three and four in the morning, splendid suppers were served up, that at the royal table on a service of pure gold—the table-cloth alone cost a hundred guineas. An ode of more than laureate doggerel was sung, and the expensive and tasteless entertainment concluded.

The scene of these revels, the once-renowned Ranelagh, had in the centre a rotunda one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and neither devoid of elegance nor novelty. It held numerous boxes for the company. There was a promenade round the circular orchestra in the centre. Tea, coffee, and refreshments were served during the concert. Public breakfasts were often given there; and masquerades neither remarkable for good taste nor utility.

No expenses were spared in purchasing whatever could be acquired for the entertainment. At the Knights' Gala, one of the latest given, two thousand five hundred persons of the first class shared the hospitality of the house. A guinea the pound was paid for cherries, and fourteen shillings a quart for green peas. The entertainment cost seven thousand pounds. Court dresses were worn upon the occasion.

We are thus more minute regarding Ranelagh since its sun has so long set, and its sweet singers are among the dusty dead. Even its site is so changed, that it is difficult to imagine the spot, even in the present century, to have been one of the gayest resorts of fashionable life.

It is the fashion to censure the present time for its licentiousness, and a numerous array of faults have been laid to its account. The worst individual in the existing state of society would feel repugnance to outrage public decency, or disgrace character, as were those matters too common to be noticed among things much out of the way. The days of the Barrymores, or Hellgate, and Cripple-gate, with their sister Billingsgate, are long past. Gamblers and knaves were permitted to bully men of reputation and honor, and provoke them to dueling. Fighting Fitzgerald, who came at last to the gallows, would not now be permitted to enter the society of gentlemen, intruding where he was detested and feared. Major Baggs and Tiger Roche would not have run a similar course to that which made them both feared and despised. Public opinion itself would have set them down in the present day. Bishops do not put on plain clothes now to ogle opera dancers; nor imagine a glass door between themselves and the orgies of princes can justify a profanation of the episcopal garb.

CHANGE OF HABITS THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

A man may change his mode of life as long as he is on the youthful side of middle life; the meridian line once passed, all such radical change is attended with the peril of death. Have you never noticed in burying-grounds, or in the necrological columns of newspapers, how often husband follows wife, or wife husband, with a brief interval of time between their departure, when they have long lived together? The age-worn constitution is unable to react against the bereavement and to adapt itself to the new circumstances in which it is placed. The usual form of analysis of the brain. The mind, shrinking instinctively from death, exerts all its powers of recovery to rally after the blow received; the exertion is too much for it, it is shattered by the very attempt. There used to be an old diplomatist in Paris—Count de Lowenhelm, from Sweden—who represented the Court of Stockholm near the Batteries for fifty years. He was a well-preserved old man, an habitual frequenter of the Grand Opera and French Comedy, going constantly into society, and never absent from a single court ball. The Crimean war gave unusual importance to the diplomatic relation of the two courts, and it became necessary to appoint a more active man to the Swedish Legation. The old minister seemed to grow older every hour after the newspapers recorded the appointment of his successor. He roamed about the lobbies of the Grand Opera and the French Comedy like a person lost in the woods. He went to Stockholm, and fell dead of apoplexy a few days after his arrival. His letters of recall were his death warrant.

Have you never heard the vulgar remark that the builder of a house dies almost as soon as the house is completed? The observation has some foundation in truth, but the cause of the effect is not "luck;" it is the very inability of the aged mind to react against old habits lost. Men rarely build houses until they have amassed some thing like independence of fortune; in other words, they are generally in the afternoon of life, and they build the house for a harbor from the cares of business, where they may twirl their thumbs and "enjoy life" by oppressing themselves with idleness. As long as the house is building, all goes well; they don't miss the absent shop or counting room. There is the bricklayer to be scolded and the carpenter to be overlooked, and discussions to be held with the architect, and money to be paid out; in fine, there is something to think about, something to worry over, something to fret about; it is the old round of life in miniature, if you will, but still it is the old round which has been paced for forty years. But when the house is complete, when the last coat of paint has dried, and the last chip has been removed, and the bit of mortar taken away, when the owner has nothing to do but to enjoy his fine house and his affluent fortune, then comes—the vacuum—nothing to do. The old man finds years have not changed his mind as much as they have changed his body, and the toy tries the old man even sooner than it tried the child. There is no correlation between building a house and death, but there is a close connection between age and change of life.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.—Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Surprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke. Eminent public speakers have died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it, suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died when he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed, was adjudged to another.

TO HAVE HENS LAY IN WINTER.—To be sure of a good supply of eggs in winter, raise some chickens as early in the spring as possible. The pullets of these early broods will be large enough to lay late in the fall, and if they are supplied with warm quarters, and besides being well fed with grain, are allowed, occasionally, a few scraps of meat thrown in to them, they will lay all winter. Old hens, if treated thus, will often become quite prolific. Hen roosts should be supplied with shavings, gravel, and pounded shells, especially in winter, when the hens cannot procure these articles elsewhere.

HORRIBLE DEATH.

THE EXECUTION OF DAMIENS.

The fate of Damiens, who was found guilty of conspiring to assassinate Louis the Fifteenth of France, was a disgrace even to that age. The sentence passed upon him was "death by torture." In order that the torture should be more effectual, learned physicians held long and frequent consultations as to the amount of agony, and the kind of agony the human frame could longest support before death released it from suffering. Grave dissertations were published on the subject. Public executioners compared notes with the learned, the former contributing their experience—the latter, scientific theories. It was at length determined to begin with the torture of the back.

The decision of this sanguinary Areopagus was promptly acted upon. At twelve o'clock at night the criminal was conducted to the torture chamber, the "Place," those gloomy walls that had looked down upon so many dark deeds, never witnessed a sadder scene of human suffering. The dim light of an iron lamp, suspended from the vaulted roof, fell upon the stalwart forms of the executioners, and a dark group of bronze-visaged men who silently watched their proceedings. Wedge after wedge was driven in with a sickening crash of human flesh and bone. The perspiration poured from the brows of the executioners as the dull blows of their sledge-hammers echoed through the dungeon, but not a sigh escaped the lips of the tortured wretch. At length the physician, who stood by with a hand on his fainting pulse, signed to them to pause. Nature could bear no more. The pale morning light, struggling through the grated windows, fell on a mangled but still breathing mass of humanity.

Weeks rolled on, and under the sedulous care of physicians and nurses, Damiens gradually regained his strength. The time approached for the completion of the sentence.

It was a cold, bleak morning in February. Snow had fallen during the night, and still covered the Place de Greve; but, nevertheless, every available spot was occupied. The Faubourg St. Antoine had disgorged its san-culottic population. A sea of human heads surged to and fro in unwieldy mass—clinging to chimneys clustered on the trees, hanging on the roofs, they found a brutal assemblage—fit spectators of a brutal drama. But in the balconies and windows overlooking the "Place" were hundreds of high-born ladies, many of them youthful and beautiful. They smiled and coquetted with their cavaliers, diamonds sparkled, and plumes waved in the winter wind. They were come to enjoy a new sensation, and to evince their loyal devotion to an outraged king. Some of the prices paid for places were fabulous. For days previous to the execution nothing else was talked of in the good city of Paris.

A scaffold, erected at the north-eastern extremity of the "Place," rose in stern black lines above the shifty multitude. In the centre was a chair firmly fixed to the boards, and at one end a large stove. Iron vessels containing resin, pitch, oil, wax, sulphur, and lead, bubbled and boiled on the furnace, whilst the flames cast a lurid glow on the cruel, swarthy countenances of the executioners as they completed the preparations, or watched over the seething cauldrons.

Half occupants of the windows were now now appearing, slowly mounting the steps of the scaffold.

The executioners spent some minutes in finally binding him to the chair, from the back of which extended a horizontal piece of wood about two feet in length. To this his right arm was securely strapped, his hand protruding just beyond it. Executioner No. 1 now advanced, and held under it a brazier filled with sulphur. A horrible cry burst from the wretched man, a cry that seemed to issue from his very vitals and that for months afterwards rang in the ears of the spectators. The ladies shuddered; some nearly fainted, and retired a little way from the windows. Soon they returned, refreshing themselves with their smelling bottles, and leveled their glasses once more at the scaffold. There was no fire visible. The sun had just burst through the clouds, and effaced the pale flame, in which his hand was slowly and invisibly burning. But a nameless stench filled the air, and a thick fetid smoke rose over the scaffold, gradually spreading itself out, and hanging like a pall over criminal and spectators, as if it would shut out the pitying heavens from this scene of cruelty. Damiens cried out no more. He sat quietly looking at the blackened bones fast withering in the flame.

Meanwhile the horrible cauldrons were bubbling and hissing, and the pincers of the Provost Court of Paris were heating in the furnace. The worst was yet to come. A gigantic executioner now advanced and tore the criminal's flesh with his red-hot irons in six different places. His assistants followed carrying spoonful of resin, oil, lead, pitch, sulphur, and wax, which they poured into the gaping incisions. Soon the breast, the arms, and the thighs were one awful wound. All the time Faubourg St. Antoine and Faubourg St. Germain looked on alike unsated; and the high-born dames of Louis the Fifteenth's court, smiled and chatted with their cavaliers, and looked and shrunk back and looked again.

All was not yet over. Damiens still breathed, still suffered, and occasionally cried out. Four horses were now led forward. The noble animals were almost ungovernable. All the morning they had struggled to escape from this dreadful spot; from the cries and groans, the thick smoke and sickening smell that filled the air. It was their turn now to take the place of the executioner, who could not find a fresh spot on the victim's body to torment.

Damiens was carried down the steps of the scaffold; the horses were backed towards him as he lay on the ground, and the nimble executioners rode fast, the traces. The groans loosed their heads, and with a terrific snort they sprang forwards. But human threats and blows were too strong for them. They were thrown on their haunches, and with a dull, heavy thud, the body struck the ground. Again and again they started. Urged on by blows and shouts, they pulled in vain. A quarter of an hour passed away. Damiens still lived—still breathed. At intervals he even raised his head, and looked at the animals.

"Oh! those poor horses!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Priandau, the young and beautiful niece of the financier Bourret.

Evening was approaching. The commissioners appointed to preside over the execution were embarrassed. It was necessary to carry it out according to the strict letter of the sentence, which directed the criminal to be quartered. The crowd, too, were waxing indignant, and clamorously demanded the *coup de grace*. They consulted together, and at length ordered the muscles and tendons of the legs and arms to be severed. Once more the horses plunged wildly forward—and this time all was over.

A PREDATORIAL RACCOON.—Raccoons are cunning animals. One day I watched one fishing for crabs of which they are very fond. He bit the end of his tail until the blood came, and then dropped it into the water. A crab soon seized the tempting bait, and as soon as it had got a good hold, the raccoon carefully pulled the crab to the surface, and then by a sudden jerk threw it on land. He then devoured the crab at his leisure, carefully avoiding its claws until he had disabled them.

In the course of a couple of weeks, the citizens of New York will be called upon to decide the political composition of our State and city government for the coming year. In times like the present, party lines should be obliterated, and only such men selected to represent us as are known to be staunch Union men, and determined to do all in their power to put down the rebellion. We have nothing to do with democrats and republicans just now. We want to know who are friendly to the Union cause, and who to the rebel. Let every candidate place himself squarely upon one platform or the other. If we are to be played into the hands of the South, give us the note of warning in time. No Union man need be ashamed to avow his principles. Those who favor the South may remain quiet, but no good Union candidate should fail to proclaim his principles. We know there are a number of rank secessionists placed in nomination for office in this city; they are well known to our citizens; they are among those who have given aid and information to the enemy ever since the war commenced. To elect such men will be to record a verdict in favor of the South, and against the army of the Union now battling in support of the stars and stripes, and the glorious institutions of a great republic. Let those who have relative and friends in the army, ponder well before they vote for Northern traitors, whose aim is to hand over the Northern "maudslins" to the tender mercies of a Southern aristocracy. Every vote cast for ~~NONRESISTANCE~~ ~~AND~~ ~~FOR~~ ~~THE~~ ~~REBELLION~~ is counted in aid of the cause of the rebellion. We do not agree with those who ~~say~~ ~~out~~ that a man may be a traitor because he is a "Democrat," or that so and so is a abolitionist because he is a "Republican." With good and honest men of both parties, the Union is the watchword. There are bad Republicans as well as bad Democrats; but there are a few calling themselves Democrats, now up for office, whose career since this city since the rebellion broke out has been unmistakably in favor of the rebels; and there are others who have worked hard in support of the administration, politically opposed to it though they be. It is an easy matter to discriminate between the two. Republicans should unite with the Democrats, in support of known true and loyal Democrats, to defeat traitorous so-called Democrats, and, *vice versa*, Democrats should support honest loyal Republicans when by so doing they can prevent the election of Northern supporters of the rebellion. For once let party lines be blotted out.

Pennsylvania has just recorded her vote in favor of the administration, and a vigorous prosecution of the war. The vote of the Keystone State was recorded in a quiet, orderly manner. Less than the usual excitement prevailed at the various polling districts, and but little fraud or "ballot stuffing" was attempted. We are glad of the result. The South has been taught to believe that our fall elections would inaugurate civil commotion among ourselves, that riot and bloodshed would follow the opening of the polls, and that all law and order would be set at defiance. The rebels were taught to believe this by those traitors among us who delight in anarchy, and in the destruction of the North. Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, etc., have given the lie to those predictions, and more quiet political contests have not taken place for years. Attempts are being made to create an uneasy feeling about the coming election in this city and State. There need be no fear of any serious results. Riots are less frequent in New-York than in other cities that have a reputation for greater steadiness and obedience to the laws. Every citizen entitled to a vote will be protected in his rights, be he a sympathizer with rebellion, or a supporter of the Union and the Constitution. Those who seek to disturb the peace, or interfere with any individual who may offer to deposit a legal vote, will find themselves confronted by the strong arm of the law, against which the power of rioters can never hope to prevail.

It is very seldom that we "talk politics," but no man should remain quiet when the institutions of his country are threatened. Many of our sporting friends are in the army and navy, fighting for our country, "one and indivisible." For them we speak. As they are giving their time and risking their lives to "preserve us a nation," let us—~~as they are~~^{as they are} at Washington, whom we opposed for the office he now holds, we believe to be an honest, well-meaning man. He occupies a position surrounded by difficulties such as no one of his predecessors ever encountered. He has done all that man could do, under such trying circumstances, to restore the country to its former condition. He has erred in some instances, but they have been errors of the head and not of the heart. His immediate predecessor might have averted this war had he been as honest a man as Abe Lincoln. Gen. Jackson nipped just such a threatened rebellion in the bud. James Buchanan could have done the same had he been so disposed, but he quickly permitted the traitors to go on in their hellish work, and the result we see to-day. Mr. Lincoln came into power when the rebels had their plans perfected, and their match fires ready to touch the powder that was to rend the Union asunder. His inauguration was the signal, and Fort Sumter the first point of attack. Mr. Lincoln, if anything, has been too lenient in his treatment of the rebellion; but he has been surrounded by enemies, and his hands, to a certain extent, have been fettered. Our elections will show him, however, that what he has done receives the approval of the North, and that if he desires to retain their confidence he must move with more vigor. Let him continue to stand by Gen. McClellan—let him protect that gallant young commander from the assaults made upon him in Congress, and in the Cabinet—let him carry out his own plans, untrammelled by officious interference, and the country will remain true to him.

As the old Keystone State has spoken, so let New York be heard. Vote for no man who is in the slightest degree tainted with sympathy for secession. Support the Union by defeating its enemies. Every man who is entitled to a vote should exercise the privilege now, for one vote may decide for or against the government. Do not cripple the hands of Mr. Lincoln just at this time, when, above all other times, he most needs the support and confidence of all good Union-loving people. Men should make sacrifices now, if they never make them again. Come out like men for once—throw party aside—defeat the machinations of traitors at home, and in that way convince the enemy abroad, and the world at large, that we still have a country, that its institutions are as sacred to us as ever, and that a world in arms cannot annihilate the great Republic of the Western World. By aiding Mr. Lincoln, you give assistance to General McClellan. McClellan, the patriot, throws off the party yoke of politics, and devotes his life to the administration and his country. Rally, then, men of New York; ring the death-knell of treason at the North, and thus give the finishing blow to the rebellion in the South. Vote early for the Union.

POINT BREEZE TROTTING PARK.—This race track, in the lower section of the city of Philadelphia, is one of the best-managed in the country. It is easy of access, too, a fine drive and walk leading direct to the Course—no river to be crossed, no "walking your horses over bridges," no waiting for ferry boats, as in the case with some of our own race tracks; but you have a clear road without obstruction of any kind, from the city to the track. Now, many persons would attend races and trotting matches if they took place closer to the city, or where there is not so much trouble in reaching them; to be sure, there may be "rail road conveniences," but it generally happens that a disagreeable walk to out-of-the-way race tracks, is almost always inevitable, even after you have reached the end of the "rail road conveniences." Without a man has a term of his own, the amusement of a good race affords, is oftentimes overbalanced by the trouble experienced in reaching the grounds. The Point Breeze Park is so situated as to obviate all inconveniences.

TROTTING STOCK.—A sale of blooded stock took place at the Bazaar, in Philadelphia, on the 15th inst. There was a large attendance, and the bidding was spirited. A large number of horses and colts were sold, at prices varying between \$200 and \$400. A fast trotting double team was offered for sale—Ran Dan and Prince. Dan is said to have trotted a mile, single, in 2:28; and Prince in 2:35. They were bought in at \$3000. A black mare, Lady Jane, whose quarter time is set down at 33 seconds, brought \$250.

ENGLAND vs. AUSTRALIA

The efforts that have been made to bring about a meeting between Green, the Champion of Australia, and Chambers, the champion of England, as well as of the Thames, appears, likely to be successful, although matters as yet have not exactly come to a focus. The following card illuminates the subject as far as it had progressed at latest advices:—

In reply to Everson's challenge, I beg to say that, having had a private letter from Green of Australia relative to a match, I feel it my duty to accommodate him first, more especially as he has come from the other side of the globe for the purpose. I will should like to know the date on which he will row for, and also how much he wishes to come off; it must not be later than eight weeks from the first deposit. With reference to Everson, I will also make a match to row him for £250 a side, the race to be for the cup and the stake to be £250 each. I will not, however, take place either a week or a fortnight after Green's match, but as I shall have to go to the States, I will defer it until after my return, which may be pretty hard case, there being no trophy in the shape of a cup or belt in connection with the title of Champion of the Thames, my backers wish to have a belt of either £250 or upwards, to be deposited with the stakes. I will, however, £250 for the match to come, and £250 for the articles to me, and a deposit, will meet with your prompt attention.—Yours, &c.,
ROBERT CHAMBERS, Champion of England.

As a clincher to the above, Chambers has made a preliminary deposit of £25. It is to be hoped that Green will not serve Chambers as the latter served Ward.

DIGGING UP THE DEAD.—A letter, said to have been written by the late Gen. Kearney—about which we sincerely trust, for the sake of the memory of a good officer, may turn out to be another forgery—has just been brought to light by some of Kearney's friends. Were the General living, well might he exclaim "save me from my friends." This letter, if it be genuine, will tarnish the memory of the writer; it will injure the dead far more than it can hurt the living. Poor Kearney. He must have been laboring under a fit of mental aberration if he ever penned such a communication. Its publication was intended as another stab at Gen. McClellan, but it has failed in its object, for nearly every General in the army with Kearney is condemned by the writer; no one was of any account but Kearney. It is, I did this; and I did that; "I faced the enemy in advance of all others, against all." He had not a good word for any one. This one was "burnt out"; that one, "a bull in a China shop;" another a "small brain"; and so and so "lost his corps gratuitously." This General is "the parent of all this disaster!" and like another, a "dangerous failure;" — was drunk before Yorktown: — "his battle "a running picket fight"; and so on to the end. Gen. Kearney was there all in all, the great "I am," according to this "killing letter." brigade did thus and so: "do they forget me at Manassas?" "Get me and my fighting division with Pope." "With Pope" army I would breathe again." Poor man—his wish was gratified—he was taken from McClellan, and placed under Pope. Does he breathe again? Alas! Pope had enough to do to take care of himself, without looking out for subordinates, and Gen. Kearney was killed. Touching tributes to his memory were published in most of the papers, but this letter that was intended to kill McClellan, has disinterested the dead Kearney, and made him the scoff and the ridicule of the multitude. And who has caused this resurrection? this digging up of the dead soldier to make him a target for the shafts of the people? His friends, we are told. No true friend of the soldier would have made such a letter public, for no matter what the object of its publication may have been, there is no denying the fact that it has injured the dead more than the living. The intention of Kearney's friends was to ruin McClellan, but they have brought down general condemnation upon themselves. Gen. McClellan will live far better for the memory of Gen. Kearney had this egotistical letter been destroyed the moment it had been read by the "Pet" to whom it was addressed. Poor Kearney!

THAT TWENTY MILES GO, NO GO.—Notwithstanding any amount of blowing, advertising, billing, and all that sort of thing, the match said to have been made for the famous "Horse" for \$2,000, on the Union Course, L. I., has finally been postponed slap out of time into the future. On Saturday, the 18th, after having been previously put off on account of weather, etc., Prince, under the guidance of McMan, put in an appearance looking as "fine as a fiddle;" judges and time keepers were appointed, and those present had made up their minds for a "big thing on turf;" but, alas! just as all hands supposed the horse was to start, McMan announced that he would pay forfeit, and declared the affair off, without so much as making an apology or an excuse. What the reasons are for such conduct remains mere conjecture, therefore no blame can be attached to any one for putting their own construction thereon. Our idea is, that the whole thing was a sort of "woolly horse" or "buffalo hunt" humbug, and gotten up to draw the million, *a la* Barnum, but as the attendance amounted to but a few hundreds it was found at the eleventh hour, that it wouldn't pay, hence the collapse. The whole affair has a very strange, not to say suspicious, look about it. If the \$2,000 were up, as they should have been by Monday, 13th inst., the date first fixed for the trot, the backers of Prince, by forfeiting, exhibit an indifference for money by the thousands, that is not often discovered in the character of our turf speculators, and their conduct is truly—we were going to say surprising, but we are surprised at nothing that takes place on the Long Island tracks any more. To sum up the whole thing, it is evident that there was no money up, that it was gotten up to make money from entrance fees and shrewd bets, but the proper sort of customers didn't turn up in sufficient numbers to pay, so they let "them dollars?" slide. We suppose that "lame" excuses will eventually be made to pacify the "dear public," but how they are going to make it right with those who lost valuable time to witness it, we don't exactly see. "A nice little time" seemed to be brewing, when, on finding that no trot would take place, the people asked for their money to be refunded. The application was at first refused, but too much pressure was brought to bear for such barfaced swindling to be successfully practiced. An impromptu affair was announced by way of an excuse for retaining the dollars, but "old One-Ear" couldn't save 'em, and the proprietors finally "shelled out," and thus preserved the peace.

FRED TAYLOR'S SPORTING RECORD.—Hereafter, be it known unto all men, that the *Irish Sporting Times* is no longer. Its talented editor, Fred Taylor, Esq., having seceded from the paper, the proprietor ceased to publish that journal, and the *Record* is now the only sporting sheet in Ireland. The *Record* retains all the *Times'* valued corps of contributors, and will be conducted on precisely the same basis. An excellent feature, however, is to be added: the editor is about publishing portraits and biographies of all the celebrated Irish jockeys, which cannot fail of adding increased popularity to the *Record*. Fred Taylor is a thorough gentleman, a brilliant writer, and a decided authority on all sporting matters, particularly horse talk. We wish him every success in his new undertaking.

SULLY FOR BRIGADIER GENERAL SULLY!—We are not in the habit of blowing about who does or who doesn't read our spic little craft, but cannot forbear calling attention to this very interesting item, clipped from an exchange. Read, ponder, and digest:—

"Col. Alfred Sully, of the First Minnesota, has been appointed a Brigadier General by the President, at the request of Gen. McClellan, for distinguished conduct at the battles before Richmond. Gen. Sully's military record is one of bravery and honor, and his promotion has been nobly earned. He is the son of the eminent artist, Thomas Sully, and Philadelphia has a right to number him among the soldiers of which she is proud."

As this patriot warrior has long been a subscriber to the CLIPPER, we feel a glow of pride creep over us at the result of his honorable promotion. Glory to Little Mac and Alf Sully, and destruction to the scaly mongrels and turncoats who would sell their country in its hour of trial.

STATE AND COUNTY FAIRS.—So far this season State and County Fairs have not met with that same degree of success which formerly characterized them. To the war may be attributed the lack of interest in agricultural exhibitions, for thousands of farmers are now serving the country in the army, deeming the salvation of the Union of higher importance than other considerations.

TEN BROECK WINS AGAIN

Since American horses first entered into the various turf contests on the British Turf, their career has been to a greater or less degree, successful, and the instances are rare in which they have been badly beaten. As a turf tactician, Mr. Ten Broeck, under whose auspices the animals in question have made their successful and unsuccessful *débuts* at Newmarket, Goodwood, and other famous racing arenas, has exhibited considerable shrewdness, and no doubt has continued to put money in his purse. The latest event in which the American horses have contended, was at Newmarket First October Meeting, which commenced on September 30, when Optimist and Myrtle, shed additional lustre on Mr. Ten Broeck's stable, by giving the English horses a sharp brush for it, Optimist in particular making a dead heat, and getting one half of the stakes; also winning one. His Tornado, and Santhal also proved winners. We have the summaries of the various races in type, but are compelled to hold them over until our next issue, through want of space.

CURIOUS CLOCK.—We have been shown a clock brought from London, that makes no noise, has neither face, hands, works, pendulum, 'nor nothin', hardly.' It is simply a glass tube fixed on a piece of wood some eighteen inches long; on this wood are printed the hours, and inside the glass is a small amount of quicksilver, which falls a certain distance every hour, and can never get out of order, nor be affected by the weather. It appears like a thermometer more than anything else, and the most surprising part of all is that it only cost one shilling sterling. The Everlasting Shilling Clock is patented both here and in England, though we are not aware of there being more than one in this country.

GENERAL BUTLER VS. ROCKINGHAM.—The first of three races

GENERAL BUTLER VS. ROCKINGHAM.—The first of three races between these renowned trotting steeds, arranged to test their relative speed and powers of endurance, came off on the Fashion Course on the 17th ult. The terms were \$1,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. The weather was all that could be desired, warm and pleasant, with a bracing air, such as would tempt any one to take a drive out, if for no other reason than for the benefit of his health. And so it was, together with the sufficient number of large attendance, and they more will record, that made the little tower. Betting was limited, General Butler having the call at about two to one, which, we thought, was rather extravagant, and so it well might prove to be, for those who invested at that ratio looked rather blue when they saw Rockingham "ball off" the first and second heats like "rolling off logs." The horses looked lively and in fine trim, and were proven by the liveliest and most spirited action to have been so much for Butler having the pole. The pace was gay, yet the General, Butler, as before reaching the quarter, he went up, which Rockingham did not fail to take advantage of, opening a gap of not less than four lengths. This Butler was unable to close, and although he forced the second between the half and three-quarter poles, and again on the last stretch, he was finally won by a full length in 2:39. In closing the heat ran Rockingham up to a speed very reducing the odds one fourth. The third heat was very similar to the first, with the exception that the speed was better, particularly towards the close, when the General's driver urged him to his topmost speed, but, to no purpose, for Rockingham again won, in the excellent time to wags, of 2:29½. Those who had got it down to him, were thinking that Butler was tired, and tried to hedge all they could, the odds being now all but swept off the books. For the third hat a good start was effected, and a lively gait was struck at once, too much so for Rockingham, for, on approaching the half, he broke, thus giving the General the lead, which he was not afterwards able to regain, and although the pace was fast and lightning sort, and Rockingham tried all he could to get up and win the heat, he failed, and lost all he had bet, and Butler crossed the finish about half length only, after a hard struggle, in 2:28. This just saved the General's bacon, and his stock was again on the rise, and some lively "chain music" was done in his behalf among the turf brokers. Rockingham had evidently done his best in the last and previous heats to pull the affair of a three heats, but slipped up on it, and Butler's success was now changed the order of things. The mainfest on starting for the fourth heat, was in favor of Rockingham soon broke, and Butler drew away from front, but by dint of great effort, was overwhelmed by Rockingham at the half, from whence a pretty good race ensued to the end of the course, where the former was again in the lead, and went up, and Butler came in winner in the first-rate time of 2:26. The fifth heat was almost "a moonlight excursion," and its start and finish was about all that could be seen from the stand. It eventually turned out in Butler's favor by a couple of lengths, in 2:30, who thereby won the race and money, after as contested race has often been seen on the Island. We append a

summary:—
FRIDAY, Oct. 17.—Trotting match, \$1,000, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

TIME.	
Quarter.	Half.
1st heat	36 1:12½
2d heat	36 1:12
3d heat	37 1:13
4th heat	36 1:12
5th heat	— 2:30

TROTTHING AT UTICA, N. Y.—On Saturday, 11th inst., there had quite some sport there in the way of trotting, and everybody was satisfied with it, and with the effort Mr. Butterfield is making to give the taste of the public for innocent sport. The purse and stake of \$100, Charles Champlin entered \$100, Nellie Gray, J. Boyle entered b. m. Flint, and C. Lossee entered m. k. Kitty. The first heat was won in 3:08 by Nellie Gray; the second by Flint in 3:05; the third and fourth heats, with the race, by Nellie, in very little better time than Flint. Time, 3:05, 3:05, 3:01, 3:00.

WILLOW VS ST. GEORGE.—EDITOR CLIPPER:—Sir: In last week's

WILLOW VS ST. GEORGE.—The account of the match "Willow vs St. George clubs" will appear next week. You will notice the members of the Willow club by inserting three few remarks. The match, as reported in two or three papers, is made up of players having been chosen by the Willow club from among the athletes of Napier, Walker, Lang and Robinson. We must note that two of the number would have strengthened them materially, but it must be borne in mind that the Willow club had lost the St. George season while they had had no opportunity to play. It was known, is entirely out of practice, and has played but two matches this season. We have yet to learn that Robinson is considered more than a good second eleven man, and he has played very few matches. As for Napier, we are told that he is a first class batsman. Mr. McManbridge, Swift, and Peersless. Another reason asserted is, that the Willows had the assistance of Highman and Sharp; but the person who reported the match for those papers forgot to state that the St. George club had the assistance of the Willow club. The Willow club had a record of 86 runs and bowled 10 wickets for 16 runs. *H* is also a member of the American club last year this same club had a law to prevent their members from playing with other clubs; it was suspended at the conclusion of this season to enable the Willow club to play against the St. George club, and nothing said about him belonging to any other club.

THE MEMBERS OF WILLOW C.

NEW YORK VS RENNELAER COUNTY CLUB, OF TROY.—The match between these clubs, which was played on the New York grounds on Wednesday, Oct. 8th, resulted in a creditable victory for the Troy players. The score is as follows:—

NEW YORK.		KENSLEAER COUNTY.	
Perkins run out.	0	Henley & Tyler.	0
Moore & Nobles b. Corpse.	10	Stuntings b. Bull.	7
Soydam & Nobles b. Corpse.	5	Robinson b. Bull.	0
Tyler Corpse.	0	Crowe & Perkins b. Bull.	4
Borton run out.	4	Winnie & & Moore.	4
Hall b. Crowe.	4	Blair & Horton.	0
Hall b. Crowe.	6	Blair & Horton.	0
Bully can't b. Crowe.	0	Adams b. Horton.	0
Stuntings b. Corpse.	0	Pratt & Robinson b. Tyler.	0
Beedy b. Crowe.	0	Noble b. Moore.	0
McCoy not out.	0	Doughty not out.	0
Eyes & leg byes 3.	7	Eyes & leg byes 1, whites 4.	5
Total.	49	Total.	49

MOISTENED EXCUSION.—"Philly," an old contributor as a member of the Waverley boat club, says: Quite a neat affair in our boat club line took place on Thursday evening, 9th inst. The Waverleys of New-York and the Atlantic City Hoboken, met at their respective club houses, and dined their with the same. It proceeded up the river as far as "Guttenberg," to present our worthy host, Otto Kohler, Esq., proprietor of the Guttenberg Stearn Brewery, a magnificent framed memorial. Our friend Kohler has always paid marked attention to the b'hoys' wants in their several trips to the Brewery, and has also shown other deeds of kindness, which have not been overlooked by the b'hoys; hence the request for presenting this memorial. The presentation was made by Ben. Frank, host of the same. The memorial was fittingly responded to by Otto Kohler. After several dances and songs, ending in the raising cheers for mine host Kohler, the company made backward tracks for home.

SPORTS ABROAD.

PEDESTRIANISM.

GREAT WALKING MATCH.

MILES VS. TIME

This match, in which J. Miles, of Brixton, had undertaken to walk twenty-one miles in three hours, for a bet of £50 to £25, came off at the Copenhagen Grounds, Wandsworth, on Monday, Sept. 28. Miles attempted this feat for a bet of £50, on Monday, Aug. 11, on the same ground, but failed in accomplishing it, having given up after walking sixteen miles and 200 yards in 2 hours and 22 min. sec., when he fell from exhaustion, and had to be carried from the ground. The feat was attributed by his backer, Mr. B. Wales (a well-known bookmaker), to nothing but want of condition, and on his asserting that opinion, publicly

of condition, and on his expressing that opinion publicly, the price, the Hackney Wick M.C., offered to bet 2 to 1 that he could "beat" the "old" man. The "old" man, however, was forthwith drawn up and signed. Miles immediately went into strict training at Mr. Garratt's, where he had the advantage of practicing on the ground and availing himself of the shower-bath (fitted up expressly for the use of men in training by Mr. Garratt) after each day's work. The result was that Miles benefited. The day was much against a man performing such an extraordinary feat, and the rain that fell on the previous day and in the early part of Monday had rendered the course in some places very heavy, though such is the excellence of the ground that it was not long before the going was in general "very good" "going" order. The time set for Miles to commence his task was half past two o'clock, but from the continued down-

pouring of the rain it was nearly three o'clock when he came on the ground, accompanied by Ben Mason and Young Smith, of Bromonseay, at which time not more than 200 persons were present to be killed, but during the match that number was increased to a considerable number. Miles drew a very fine and powerful rifle, and the watch chosen to keep time by (there had been three set, and going together for about an hour, and W. Price being very confident, allowed the slowest of the three, his own, to be selected), at forty seconds put the bullet in the pistol as first, and then the rifle. Miles then drew a very fine and powerful rifle. To complete the distance he had to traverse the ground eighty-four times, less seventy yards, and all through the first lap every eye was anxiously scanning Miles to note his action and condition, both of which were superb, the muscles on his shoulder-blades

standing up in lumps, and the free action with which he moved his arms and stepped out from the hip, proved that he had no fear. The display, in which the male took no part, and his encouragement raised the hopes of his backers to the highest. The betting opened at 5 to 2 on time, but there was very little money speculated on the result, the backers of the man fighting shy. During the walking of the first mile, little else was done, and the time was 7 min. 45 sec. The second mile was certainly a finer specimen of an athlete was never seen. The first mile was turned off in 7 min. 45 sec, the second, in 15 min. 33 sec; and now Jen had settled to his work, going magnificently, and walking with the utmost fairness (indeed, he has no idea of what he is doing). The time was 15 min. 33 sec. The time-keepers and umpires were grouped together with a few

privileged ones and the members of the fourth estate in the middle of the ground, the renowned Charley Westhall—the only man who ever accomplished the feat—being among them, anxiously watching Miles, and intent on doing the same feat. The lap was a lap of chance, doing the lap in the time of three miles. Miles had paced over in 24 min. 1 sec, going beautifully over four miles, 32 min. 11 sec; five miles were told off by the young Brixton clipper in 40 min. 21 sec; six miles accomplished in 48 min. 40 sec; and the first seven miles were accomplished in 1 hour 7 min. 40 sec, perfect to human eye, in 8 sec. The eight miles were done in 1 hour 5 min. 40 sec; nine miles were done in 1 hour 14 min. 15 sec; ten miles were done in 1 hour 22 min. 50 sec; ten miles and a half (half the distance) were accomplished in 1 hour 27 min. 7 sec; eleven miles in 1 hour 31 min. 40 sec; twelve miles in 1 hour 41 min. 10 sec; thirteen miles in 1 hour 50 min. 40 sec; fourteen miles in 1 hour 59 min. 40 sec; fifteen miles in 2 hours 1 min. 40 sec; sixteen miles in 2 hours 11 min. 40 sec; seventeen miles in 2 hours 21 min. 40 sec; eighteen miles in 2 hours 31 min. 40 sec; nineteen miles in 2 hours 41 min. 40 sec; twenty miles in 2 hours 51 min. 40 sec; twenty-one miles in 3 hours 1 min. 40 sec; twenty-two miles in 3 hours 11 min. 40 sec; twenty-three miles in 3 hours 21 min. 40 sec; twenty-four miles in 3 hours 31 min. 40 sec; twenty-five miles in 3 hours 41 min. 40 sec; twenty-six miles in 3 hours 51 min. 40 sec; twenty-seven miles in 4 hours 1 min. 40 sec; twenty-eight miles in 4 hours 11 min. 40 sec; twenty-nine miles in 4 hours 21 min. 40 sec; thirty miles in 4 hours 31 min. 40 sec; thirty-one miles in 4 hours 41 min. 40 sec; thirty-two miles in 4 hours 51 min. 40 sec; thirty-three miles in 5 hours 1 min. 40 sec; thirty-four miles in 5 hours 11 min. 40 sec; thirty-five miles in 5 hours 21 min. 40 sec; thirty-six miles in 5 hours 31 min. 40 sec; thirty-seven miles in 5 hours 41 min. 40 sec; thirty-eight miles in 5 hours 51 min. 40 sec; thirty-nine miles in 6 hours 1 min. 40 sec; forty miles in 6 hours 11 min. 40 sec; forty-one miles in 6 hours 21 min. 40 sec; forty-two miles in 6 hours 31 min. 40 sec; forty-three miles in 6 hours 41 min. 40 sec; forty-four miles in 6 hours 51 min. 40 sec; forty-five miles in 7 hours 1 min. 40 sec; forty-six miles in 7 hours 11 min. 40 sec; forty-seven miles in 7 hours 21 min. 40 sec; forty-eight miles in 7 hours 31 min. 40 sec; forty-nine miles in 7 hours 41 min. 40 sec; fifty miles in 7 hours 51 min. 40 sec; fifty-one miles in 8 hours 1 min. 40 sec; fifty-two miles in 8 hours 11 min. 40 sec; fifty-three miles in 8 hours 21 min. 40 sec; fifty-four miles in 8 hours 31 min. 40 sec; fifty-five miles in 8 hours 41 min. 40 sec; fifty-six miles in 8 hours 51 min. 40 sec; fifty-seven miles in 9 hours 1 min. 40 sec; fifty-eight miles in 9 hours 11 min. 40 sec; fifty-nine miles in 9 hours 21 min. 40 sec; sixty miles in 9 hours 31 min. 40 sec; sixty-one miles in 9 hours 41 min. 40 sec; sixty-two miles in 9 hours 51 min. 40 sec; sixty-three miles in 10 hours 1 min. 40 sec; sixty-four miles in 10 hours 11 min. 40 sec; sixty-five miles in 10 hours 21 min. 40 sec; sixty-six miles in 10 hours 31 min. 40 sec; sixty-seven miles in 10 hours 41 min. 40 sec; sixty-eight miles in 10 hours 51 min. 40 sec; sixty-nine miles in 11 hours 1 min. 40 sec; seventy miles in 11 hours 11 min. 40 sec; seventy-one miles in 11 hours 21 min. 40 sec; seventy-two miles in 11 hours 31 min. 40 sec; seventy-three miles in 11 hours 41 min. 40 sec; seventy-four miles in 11 hours 51 min. 40 sec; seventy-five miles in 12 hours 1 min. 40 sec; seventy-six miles in 12 hours 11 min. 40 sec; seventy-seven miles in 12 hours 21 min. 40 sec; seventy-eight miles in 12 hours 31 min. 40 sec; seventy-nine miles in 12 hours 41 min. 40 sec; eighty miles in 12 hours 51 min. 40 sec; eighty-one miles in 13 hours 1 min. 40 sec; eighty-two miles in 13 hours 11 min. 40 sec; eighty-three miles in 13 hours 21 min. 40 sec; eighty-four miles in 13 hours 31 min. 40 sec; eighty-five miles in 13 hours 41 min. 40 sec; eighty-six miles in 13 hours 51 min. 40 sec; eighty-seven miles in 14 hours 1 min. 40 sec; eighty-eight miles in 14 hours 11 min. 40 sec; eighty-nine miles in 14 hours 21 min. 40 sec; ninety miles in 14 hours 31 min. 40 sec; ninety-one miles in 14 hours 41 min. 40 sec; ninety-two miles in 14 hours 51 min. 40 sec; ninety-three miles in 15 hours 1 min. 40 sec; ninety-four miles in 15 hours 11 min. 40 sec; ninety-five miles in 15 hours 21 min. 40 sec; ninety-six miles in 15 hours 31 min. 40 sec; ninety-seven miles in 15 hours 41 min. 40 sec; ninety-eight miles in 15 hours 51 min. 40 sec; ninety-nine miles in 16 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred miles in 16 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and one miles in 16 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and two miles in 16 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and three miles in 16 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and four miles in 16 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and five miles in 17 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and six miles in 17 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seven miles in 17 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eight miles in 17 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and nine miles in 17 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ten miles in 17 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eleven miles in 18 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twelve miles in 18 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirteen miles in 18 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fourteen miles in 18 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifteen miles in 18 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixteen miles in 18 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventeen miles in 19 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighteen miles in 19 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and nineteen miles in 19 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty miles in 19 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-one miles in 19 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-two miles in 19 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-three miles in 20 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-four miles in 20 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-five miles in 20 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-six miles in 20 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-seven miles in 20 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-eight miles in 20 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and twenty-nine miles in 21 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty miles in 21 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-one miles in 21 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-two miles in 21 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-three miles in 21 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-four miles in 21 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-five miles in 22 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-six miles in 22 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-seven miles in 22 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-eight miles in 22 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and thirty-nine miles in 22 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty miles in 22 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-one miles in 23 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-two miles in 23 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-three miles in 23 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-four miles in 23 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-five miles in 23 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-six miles in 23 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-seven miles in 24 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-eight miles in 24 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and forty-nine miles in 24 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty miles in 24 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-one miles in 24 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-two miles in 24 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-three miles in 25 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-four miles in 25 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-five miles in 25 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-six miles in 25 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-seven miles in 25 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-eight miles in 25 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and fifty-nine miles in 26 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty miles in 26 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-one miles in 26 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-two miles in 26 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-three miles in 26 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-four miles in 26 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-five miles in 27 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-six miles in 27 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-seven miles in 27 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-eight miles in 27 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and sixty-nine miles in 27 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy miles in 27 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-one miles in 28 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-two miles in 28 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-three miles in 28 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-four miles in 28 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-five miles in 28 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-six miles in 28 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-seven miles in 29 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-eight miles in 29 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and seventy-nine miles in 29 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty miles in 29 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-one miles in 29 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-two miles in 29 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-three miles in 30 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-four miles in 30 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-five miles in 30 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-six miles in 30 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-seven miles in 30 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-eight miles in 30 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and eighty-nine miles in 31 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety miles in 31 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-one miles in 31 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-two miles in 31 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-three miles in 31 hours 41 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-four miles in 31 hours 51 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-five miles in 32 hours 1 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-six miles in 32 hours 11 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-seven miles in 32 hours 21 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-eight miles in 32 hours 31 min. 40 sec; one hundred and ninety-nine miles in 32 hours 41 min. 40 sec; two hundred miles in 32 hours 51 min. 40 sec; two hundred and one miles in 33 hours 1 min. 40 sec; two hundred and two miles in 33 hours 11 min. 40 sec; two hundred and three miles in 33 hours 21 min. 40 sec; two hundred and four miles in 33 hours 31 min. 40 sec; two hundred and five miles in 33 hours 41 min. 40 sec; two hundred and six miles in 33 hours 51 min. 40 sec; two hundred and seven miles in 34 hours 1 min. 40 sec; two hundred and eight miles in 34 hours 11 min. 40 sec; two hundred and nine miles in 34 hours 21 min. 40 sec; two hundred and ten miles in 34 hours 31 min. 40 sec; two hundred and eleven miles in 34 hours 41 min. 40 sec; two hundred and twelve miles in 34 hours 51 min. 40 sec; two hundred and thirteen miles in 35 hours 1 min. 40 sec; two hundred and fourteen

min. 24 sec; twelve miles were done in 1 hour 39 min. 34 sec; sixteen miles in 2 hours 1 hour 5 min. 50 sec; and the first attempt at twenty miles was gallantly walked in 2 hours 41 min. 50 sec. The first fifteen miles were accomplished in 2 hours 6 min. 8 sec; sixteen miles were completed in 2 hours 15 min. 18 sec; seventeen were splendidly walked in 2 hours 24 min. 45 sec; eighteen miles, in 2 hours 34 min. 50 sec; and nineteen in 2 hours 44 min. 27 sec. The excitement became intense, for Miles, who, during the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth miles had fallen off very much, rallied considerably, and his backers took freely the odds offered of 10 and in some instances 6 to 1 on me. While walking the twenty miles, I was accompanied by a large number of spectators, and him, and his attendants sprinkled it plentifully over his head, shoulders, loins, and the calves of his legs, which by this time

were completely covered with a thick crust of dirt; but so gregariously did he walk that at the finish of this distance, which was done in 2 hours 51 min. 45 sec., as well as 3 to 1 was taken about him, accomplishing his task. During the performance of the work he continually cheered, and his voice was heard at intervals. He was anxious for him to accomplish it. As he entered on the twenty-first and last mile, the watches denoted that he had only a minute and 15 sec. to complete it, and, as he came on walking almost as fast as he could, he was fully aware of the fact that he was in a hurry. The faces of the odds looked anything but rose-colored. His attendants were now most assiduous, and they were joined by several others from those within the enclosure, who accompanied him the last half-mile, and, as he strode on, he was greeted with the most ardent cheering. At last, and, unfortunately, he, struggled on, dashing ahead

last lap, and, unfortunately, he struggled on, and though his life was spared, he was rounded the trough of the course, and came along the side of the hedge, crying out, "He wins! he wins!" This so urged him on, that he made a most determined spurt, but when about twenty-five yards from home, the cry of "time" arose from the lips of the referee, and he fell like the gallant Miles defeated by a few seconds (according to the referee, ten seconds). This performance, done as it was in the midst of a pelting rain, and the atmosphere close almost to faintness, stamps the Brixton Lad as one of the best (if not the very best) walkers ever known, and, in fact, that he is a man of great nerve and endurance. No chance, as we feel assured that on a fine day, and the ground good order, he could accomplish it. The following is the correct time:—

Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
1	0	0	7	45	12	39	54
2	0	0	15	53	13	48	54
3	0	0	24	1	14	57	20
4	0	0	32	11	15	2	6
5	0	0	40	21	16	15	10
6	0	0	48	40	17	2	41
7	0	0	57	5	18	2	34
8	1	5	40	19	19	2	42
9	1	14	15	30	20	2	51
10	1	22	59	21	21	3	0
11	1	31	24				

Miles has called on us to say that it is his intention to lodge a protest with the stakeholder against giving up the stakes, on 10th.

Eleven Miles and Two Hundred and Forty-Eight Yards One Hour.—On Monday, Sept. 29, about 2000 persons visited Canterbury Cricket Ground, to witness a variety of sports, principally to see Deerpoot run the above distance in an hour. The result was, that the deer did not run the race yet accomplished; in fact, but a very few men have done eleven miles the hour. Although Deerpoot ran eleven miles and some yards within the hour, at Dublin, on October 7, last year, beat Mills and Levett, the latter having three minutes' start, and it is seen that on this occasion he was 1 hour 7 min. 15 sec. run twelve miles, but he certainly labored under a disadvantage regards the weather. The prizes for the handicap were—£1

-12; second, 52; third, 51 10s.; and 51 to each man running distance. The following came to their marks.—W. Newman, 1 min. 36 s.; H. Andrews, 38 s.; W. Jackson, 39 s.; C. O. York, 40 s.; J. B. Smith, 41 s.; and J. A. Long, 42 s. The longest contest was Brighton, who cut it after running four miles in 1 min. 6 sec. Mower next followed suit, which reduced the time to four. Deerfoot overlapped Andrews and Newman in the fifth mile, and passed them in the sixth. He passed Jackson again in the seventh mile, but was unable to get up Andrews and Jackson, and Andrews passed the post a winner by 300 yards. Jack, having been beaten by fifty yards; Deerfoot took the eleven mi. run in 1 hour 1 minute 30 seconds, and the twelve mile run in 1 hour 1 minute 37 seconds. On the same day he ran for running as when he visited Canterbury on July 7, he runs the ten miles on that day 2 min. 25 sec. quicker.

WRESTLING.

EXCITING WRESTLING MATCH.—Meadowcroft vs. Acton roads leading to the City Grounds, Manchester, on Saturday Sept. 27, were thronged by pedestrians from all parts to witness this great match. The event which caused such immense attendance was wrestling between Meadowcroft, of Radcliffe, and Joseph Acton, of Hurst. The article which were signed some weeks since, set forth that the match would be the best of three back falls, Lancashire fast catch as catch can; to contend in stocking feet, all foul acts to be null and void, and the referee to be between, giving other pernicious drugs, and the strict rules of Lancashire wrestling in every case to be adhered to. Acton was not to ex-

score 4lb, whilst his opponent, Meadowcroft, was not to be more than 6 score 6lb. Both men have previously displayed considerable tact in the ring, having contested together some short time since at the Copenhagen Grounds for the Championship of Europe. Meadows has been a professional prizefighter many years, hence arose the present match, his backers being of the opinion that from performance he could concede the two pound weight. We may say that each is by trade a research "black diamonds." The event was fixed for half-past two, on Saturday afternoon, and was well attended, the contest being led by its principal backer, Mr. Dickinson, a well-known assessor Boniface, of Bolton, and also by that well-known adept, Liam Schors, of Ashton, the champion at 6 score 3lb, and Turris, his trainer for the present match; while Aston was accompanied by his own trainer, Mr. Wainwright.

panied by Mr. Schofield (also Joe of Nancy's), his trainer, Cross, of Ashton, and W. Acton, his brother. The bout opened at 5 to 4 on Meadowcroft, but soon after the commencement of hostilities, it veered round, and became 6 to 4 on a when a heavy amount of the "needful" was invested. A usual preliminaries having been arranged, and Mr. George taken his position as referee, the athletes proceeded to w

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING MATCH.—The great wrestling match at the Victoria Hotel on Monday, September 28, between K. Holden, of Scout Moor, and J. Sleden, of Bury, for £10 a side and the claim of the champion cup, given by Mr. Gregon, for men not exceeding 5 score 15lb. This being the third day which has elapsed since it was agreed that the match should be decided by the backers of both parties who entered in strong force at the appointed time, two o'clock. Holden having a fall in, made him the favorite at 2 to 1, but he did not gain his conquest so far as he expected, but after about fifty minutes' hard work, he succeeded in throwing his opponent, which makes him the holder of the cup at the present time.

"MORE COPY."

Ah, how well do we remind us, in the walls which then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us, and before us, and around us, all scattered over the floor. Thought we, "Jenks wants to borrow, some newspapers to-morrow, and 'twill be relief from sorrow to get rid of Jenks, the bore, by opening wide the door." Still the visitor kept knocking—knocking louder than before. And the scattered piles of papers cut some curious capers, being lifted by a breeze coming through another door; and we wished (the wish was evil, for one deemed always civil) that Jenks was at the devil, to stay there evermore, to there find his level—Jenks, the nerve-

This writer went he picked up interesting items by the score. 'Twas the form of our "devil," in an attitude un-civil; and he thrust his head within the open door, winking. "The foreman's out of copy, sir, and says he wants some more." Yes, like Alexander, wanted more!

Now, this "local" had already walked about till nearly dead; he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore—walked through the street called Market, and the by-ways running off into the portions of the city both public and obscure; had examined stores and cellar, and had questioned every "feller" whom he met, from door to door, if anything was stirring.

And our devil, never sitting still is fitting, still is sitting back and forth upon the landing just outside the sanctum door. Tears adown his cheeks are streaming—strange light from his eye is beaming—and his voice is heard, still screaming, "Sir, the foreman wants someone more!" And our soul, pierced with that screaming, awakened from its dreaming, and has lost the paces—feeling had before; for the fancy will come o'er us, each read a face before us bears the horrid words—"I want a little more!" Words, on their foreheads glaring

"Well, I've got a horse I wanted to sell, provided I could get enough for him; don't want nothing more than a real value, neither. He's a good one, though just now he's a little thin; but I reckon he ought to sell pretty smartly."

"Very good, will you have him advertised?"

"Well, I guess I don't know about that. What do you say?"

"One dollar for each insertion; fifty cents for each time after the first."

"That's a few dollars for three times; I reckon that

let him go for five."

"Exactly and you won't take a great deal more if it is offered for him, will you?"

"Well, no, I'm not dispositioned to be hard on anybody I calculate not."

Saturday came and one dollar and a half was bid the fine animal brought up by the horse dealer.

"Go on, gentlemen, I have only one dollar and a bid for the horse; how much do I hear? One dollar a half—going—going."

"Sold him, sir, he's dying!" whispered the Vermonter, as the auctioneer, with a flourish of his hammer, sold the animal to the highest bidder.

John
telling
enough
tation,
all the
Piers
rk at

with a ludicrous manner he continued, "It's cheap enough, there's a fifty cent piece. Cheap enough! I couldn't give it to him away at no price, and it would have cost two dollars and a half to bury him. Jest a half dollar saved. Good morning Mr. Auctioneer. Cheap enough! I"

THE GENERAL AND THE TEAMSTER.

Approaching the driver who was busy currying his mule, he accosted him with:

"I say, old fellow, what are you doing there?"

"Can't you see it?" replied John.

"Certainly," responded the wag. "But that is not your business. It is after tattoo, and there is a fellow hired here by the general who carries all the mules and horses brought in after tattoo."

ly considering the most expeditious method of expelling the rebel Buckner from his native state, slapped him on the back with a force sufficient to annihilate a man of ordinary size.

Springing to his feet the general accosted his unwelcome guest with:

"Well, sir, who are you and what the devil do you want?"

"Old boss, I've got a job for you now—six mules to be hurried, and right off, too," said the captain of the mules, nothing daunted at the flashing eye of the general.

"Do you know who you are addressing?" said the

The general's sword leaped from its scabbard, and Jones from the tent, just in time to save his head.

A FAST STORY.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveller seated at his side in one of the cars of a "fast train" in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared a station. It suggested to the Yankee an opportunity "of taking down his companion a good one."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up the bell. Then we tried steam whistles—but they wouldn't answer either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We were going at a tremendous rate, hurricanes were blowing, and I had to hold my hair on. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle go, screeching like a trooper. It screamed awfully but it was no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses and broken rails."

BARNUM OUTDONE.—A Berlin letter tells the following amusing story of a hoax: "A member of the company of players at Callenbach's Theatre was to have a benefit night, and the question was how to get together a large audience, as the usual attendance at that place of amusement is small. The idea was suggested that a lightning bolt should fall upon the theatre, even if doubled, would produce far too slender a result. But I can't say as that is true—the rest I know to be so."

benefit day, each person who had sent a reply received the following note: 'the most important part is of course that you should like one another. I said my niece was going to Callenbach's Theatre, this evening, and you just drop in upon us in Box No. 1.' Of course the theatre was crammed. All the boxes, all the best places in the house were filled early in the evening by a mostly male public, got up in a style which is seldom seen in the Royal Opera itself. Glasses were levelled at all sides in the direction of Box No. 1; and all eyes strained to catch the first glimpse of the niece who should appear in company with the uncle. But an

major axis of the Coliseum. Allowing fifty-six inches for each person, it would accommodate fifty-six thousand seven hundred spectators. Drury Lane will only contain three thousand two hundred, and Old Covent Garden held two thousand eight hundred. This edifice was scene of one of Apollonius's miracles. It is mentioned for the uproar described in Acts XIX when the Ephesians accused Paul and the Christians in this very building. To this edifice the writer to the Corinthians addressed, probably, when he said: "If after the manner men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantage me it were?"

togeth' it me?"

Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.	Miles.	Hours.	Min.	Sec.
1.....	0	7	45	12.....	1	39	54
2.....	0	15	03	13.....	1	48	11
3.....	0	24	14	14.....	1	57	20
4.....	0	32	11	15.....	2	6	8
5.....	0	40	21	16.....	2	15	18
6.....	0	48	40	17.....	2	24	45
7.....	0	57	5	18.....	2	33	50
8.....	1	5	49	19.....	2	42	2
9.....	1	14	15	20.....	2	51	4
10.....	1	22	50	21.....	3	0	23
11.....	1	31	24				

ELEVEN MILES AND TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHT YARDS ONE HOUR.—On Monday, Sept. 29, about 2000 persons visited Canterbury Cricket Ground, to witness a variety of sports, principally to see Deerfoot run the above distance in an hour, the All England and Eleven Miles Handicap, a feat never yet accomplished; in fact, but few have run the eleven miles and some yards within the hour. Although Deerfoot ran eleven miles and some yards within the hour, at Dublin, on October 7, last year, beat Mills and Levett, the latter having three minutes' start, completing the twelve miles in 1 hour 5 min. 6 sec. it will

seen that on this occasion he was 1 hour 7 min. 15 sec. run twelve miles, but he certainly labored under a disadvantage regards the weather. The prizes for the handicap were:—\$12; second, \$2; third, \$1 10c.; and \$1 to each man running a distance. The following came to their marks:—W. Newman, yards' start; H. Andrews, 880; W. Jackson, 600; C. Mower, Brighton, and Deerfoot, scratch. The first to relinquish contest was Brighton, who cut it after running four miles in min. 6 sec. Mower next followed suit, which reduced the field to four. Deerfoot overlapped Andrews and Newman in the first mile, and passed Jackson in the sixth; passed Newman again the ninth mile, but was unable to get to the goal; and Jackson, who was a runner of the "upper" class, Andrews and Jackson.

WRESTLING.—MEADOWCROFT VS. ACTION.—Exciting wrestling match.—Meadowcroft vs. Action.—Roads leading to the City Grounds, Manchester, on Saturday Sept. 27, were thronged by pedestrians from all parts to witness this great match. The event which caused such immense attention was a wrestling match for £100 a side, between J. Meadowcroft and Action. Meadowcroft, a professional wrestler, was beaten by fifty yards. Deerfoot took the eleven m. run in 1 hour 1 minute 30 seconds, and the twelve mile 1 hour 7 minutes 15 seconds. Deerfoot was not in the same class for running as when he visited Canterbury on July 7, he ran the ten miles on that day 2 min. 25 sec. quicker.

croft, of Radcliffe, and Joseph Acton, of Hurst. The article which was signed some weeks since, set forth that the should wrestle the best of three back falls, Lancashire for catch as catch can; to contend in stocking feet, all foul acts barred, neither man to be rubbed with any resin, greases or other pernicious drugs, and the strict rules of Lancashire ruling in every case to be adhered to. Acton was not to exceed score 4lb, whilst his opponent, Meadowcroft, was not to more than 6 score 6lb. Both men have previously displayed considerable tact in the ring, having contested together a short time since at the Corn Law Hotel, and at the Champion belt, at score 4lb, when Meadowcroft Acton proved himself a more skilful and on the whole a more successful wrestler.

from the performance he could concede the two pound weight. We may say that each is by trade a research "black diamonds." The event was fixed for half-past two after which Meadowcroft came within the enclosure accompanied by his principal backer, Mr. Dickinson, a well-known boxing Boniface, of Bolton, and also by that well-known adept, William Schors, of Ashton, the champion at 6 score 3lb, and Tufts, his trainer for the present match; while Ashtan was accompanied by Mr. Schofield (*alias Joe of Nancy's*), his trainer, Cross, of Ashton, and W. Acton, his brother. The bout opened at 5 to 4 on Meadowcroft, but soon after the commencement of hostilities, it veered round, and became 6 to 4 on Ashtan.

when a heavy amount of the "needful" was invested. A usual preliminaries having been arranged, and Mr. George taken his position as referee, the athletes proceeded to w

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S. PRICE, MASTER DUMONT,
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EVERY SONG AND ACT ENCORED.
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WOOD'S MINSTRELS.
THE PIONEERS OF THE PROFESSION.
CHARLEY FOX, FRANK BROWER,
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LEIS, LEWIS, &c., in
GEMS OF MINSTRELSY.
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Doors open at 6½; commence at 7½ o'clock. Admission 25 cents.
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Embracing a variety of New Burlesques, Tragedies, New Over-
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New Plantation Songs and Dances, Music, Fun, Frolic, Superior
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The Sisters, MR. R. S. RAYMOND,
MISS AUGUSTA and MARIE, MR. HARRY J. CARTER,
MISS SUSIE SUMMERFIELD, MR. A. PIPER,
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First class Performers desiring engagements, will please
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Stars visiting California should remember that Mr. Maguire is
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This Theatre has undergone extensive alterations and im-
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The Dramatic Season will commence on the 1st of January.
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Who will appear nightly in a superior entertainment, em-
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Every Night, and on Saturday Afternoons, with the
BEST TALENT IN AMERICA.
The Management beg to assure the Public that every energy
will be used, and no expense spared to render the entertainment
presented of the most artistic order.
The Company will comprise the following Artists:
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THE CELEBRATED IMPERSONATORS
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IRISH AND YANKEE
PECULIARITIES.
Are Performing in Boston.
They will appear at the
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Early in November. 29-4f

NOTICE.—Having decided not to go to England the present
season, I will purchase or hire a show suitable for general exhi-
bition in the States or Canada, and possessing real merit and
novelty sufficient to warrant a trip across the Atlantic another
year. I should prefer to start something entirely new; any one
knowing the whereabouts of suitable material will oblige
by informing immediately. Or I will employ a Star Actor,
Actress, Concert Singer, Pianist, or Lecturer, if of the right
kind, for the season, with a view to a trip to England or Cali-
fornia. Nothing but first class in every respect will answer my
purpose. Prices or terms must be low, and no allowance made
for losses, as my shows are run at my own expense, pay or not.
Parties engaging not required to furnish capital. 27-3f

CALIFORNIA THEATRICAL AGENCY.—SHERI-
DAN CORBYN would respectfully inform members of the drama-
tic, Musical, or Equestrian professions, that he has established
an Agency in San Francisco, and is prepared to negotiate engage-
ments and transact all other business pertaining to the pro-
fession. Address SHERIDAN CORBYN, San Francisco, Cal.
N. B.—All letters requiring answers must contain a stamp to
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One of the most finished and beautiful structures in the West.
Stars will please address JOHN A. ELLISER, Manager. 24-1f
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oline Richings, Maggie Mitchell, and all other Celebrities, 25 cts.
each, or 5 for \$1. Catalogues of Photographs and Playlets on re-
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NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE.—This popular place of
Amusement is now open for the Season, with a full and Talented
Company. STARS wishing Nights will please address
C. T. FARNSLOW, New York,
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ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Season will commence MONDAY, Oct. 20th. Stars please ad-
dress J. C. MYERS, Manager. 27-6f

CARD TO MANAGERS.—MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
the celebrated Irish Characteristic Vocalist and Comedienne,
will shortly be at liberty to accept Engagements. Letters to be
addressed, KATHLEEN O'NEIL, Post Office, Chicago, Ill., till
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CARD PHOTOGRAPHS.—ALL DESCRIPTIONS sent post
paid for 25 cents each, by J. N. COX, 84 Nassau st., N. Y. 1f

OUR LETTER BOX.
We have letters for Danforth L. Scott, J. C. Kelly, Charles
C. Chase, Duprez & Green, Daniel Shelby, Prof. Carleton, and
Miss Emma Shell. 28-1f

CITY SUMMARY.
MONDAY, Oct. 20, '92.
As the time for our annual election draws near, theatres and
such places will feel the pressure to a certain extent, and only
such houses as run stars of extraordinary brilliancy can be ex-
pected to hold their own. Ward meetings are now being held
almost every night; with "district conferences," and "mass
meetings" everywhere; these gatherings are very apt to engage
the attention of voters, and without the men, the ladies stand but
a poor chance of seeing the play. Up to the present time, how-
ever, our theatres have done far better than we had any idea
they would do, taking the condition of public affairs into
consideration; but this success has not been achieved with-
out great expense and labor on the part of managers, and it will
not do to relax these efforts in the least. Stamina must carry
the season through; it will not answer to give us a good thing to-
night, and an indifferent one to-morrow; those who play stars
must keep up the interest with a succession of first class artists;
good comedies, whether old or new, must be followed up; there
must be no retrograde movement now; the season has opened
brilliantly; onward must be the word; if there should be any fal-
tering, down goes your house. Look to it, Mr. Manager. Keep
up your shake; no looking back, or like Lot's unsophisticated
wife, salt won't save you. The election canvas will hurt you
some, and the draft, so soon to follow, will not benefit you;
drafts are heavy on the lungs, and they will be a little trouble-
some to managers. Some of the best "people" may be enfolded
in the strong arms of the draft. In Baltimore, we see that John
F. Owens has been drafted. It is a little remarkable that this actor
should be one of the first drawn. Mr. Owens, it may be recol-
lected, was Captain of the company that raised the Varieties, New
Orleans, at the breaking out of the rebellion. Mr. Owens was
the manager of the Varieties, and he raised a volunteer company
to assist in defending the Southern confederacy. Several North-

erners, then performing at the Varieties, enlisted in this volun-
teer organization. Good may come out of it, after all; for the
military experience those gentlemen had in the formation of a
rebel company may be put to better account in the service of the
Union. Owens has been drafted for the Northern army. Some
of his military comrades may feel the same. Mark Smith, in
this city, may be drawn as a conscript. Who knows? It is
not to be expected, however, that any first class performer will
enter the ranks if a few hundred dollars will procure a substitute.
"Hard tack" and "salt horse" will not allure such people from
their allegiance to roast beef, plum pudding, and brown stout.
Oh, no! It is not probable that Mr. Owens or any of his com-
rades in arms in New Orleans will take an active part in mili-
tary matters up this way, when they can do better in their pro-
fessional calling. Draft, indeed! They do not wish any such
greatness thrust upon them. But it is not every poor devil that
can command the requisite sum to buy themselves off, so down to
Dixey they must moscy. But we must not anticipate; suf-
ficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let managers and people
stand by each other, draft or no draft. Pull in harness together,
with a will, and who can tell but what the season that was looked
forward to as one of disaster, may turn out to be brilliant and
profitable to all concerned.

In the absence of any sort of legitimate Italian opera, we have
often wondered why it is that we cannot organize and support a
first class English opera troupe. Good companies have generally
met with favorable consideration, as the English opera appeals
more to the democracy than to the aristocracy. Surely there
should be talent enough among us to form a complete opera
troupe, both in the vocal and instrumental departments; but it
will not do to get up any bogus concern. Principals and chorus
should be of a high order of merit, and everything connected
with such an organization should be of the best quality. What
companies we have had of late years have been but mediocre;
why, some of our minstrel companies can turn out better male
voices than we have been accustomed to hear in English opera.
If we can keep on eight or nine places devoted to the drama,
and support a German opera as well, surely we might give suf-
ficient aid and encouragement to an English opera company to
make the speculation a success.

The anti-concert saloon bill, passed last winter by our State
government, has sadly interfered with the concert business in
this city, and driven managers and performers to Philadelphia
and other cities, where no such stringent laws exist. In New
York but few places are in successful operation, whereas in Phila-
delphia there are no less than ten halls now open, with a sprin-
kling of places of lesser note. These halls give employment to
several hundred persons, in the various departments. They are
better conducted than many of the halls in New York were, and
for this reason it has not been deemed necessary to eject them
from out of existence. The law against our New York saloons is
not likely to be repealed this winter, and Philadelphia will get
the cream of the business.

Crimoline is a great nuisance at public places of amusement.
We mean the skirts, not what's in them. The women folks are
well enough; in fact, in fact, we adore 'em, admirably
speaking; but we do abhor the crinolines of those who wear
them in which they are enveloped. You go to a theatre, for in-
stance, to escape the torments of your boarding house keeper, and her
immature daughters—Isn't it a little strange that boarding
house directors always possess a number of unsurpassable mar-
riageable daughters?—you go early to the theatre, to get a com-
fortable seat; you fix yourself in a nice, convenient spot to enjoy
the play, and the first thing you know is, that you are buried up
out of sight; some immense damsel squats down on this side of
you; directly another of the same sort comes down kersnaph on
the other side; where are you? Who can tell? No one sees you,
for crimoline has made a perfect eclipse of you. And you can't
get mad at the girls, you know; you glance at them, and those
lustrous orbs, that smile from that rosy and lip-white powdered
face, and pearly-mouthed specimen of the dentist's art, will rob
you at one full swoop of all your bitter feelings, and teach you to
submit with a grace "worthy of a better cause." But still, they
are nuisances, and they know it, and you know it, and we all know it;
but none of us have the boldness to voice our complaints, though
they be, they will spread themselves all over you just the same
as if you were bound to them, body and breeches, in "happy,
happy wedlock." We don't mind having a girl edge up to us,
when she is not iron-bound; we rather like it; we say so above-
board; but, to use no harsher term, malediction on the hoops.
And there's another nuisance, too, just as bad as the crimoline.
We mean the abominable and unsightly crinolines that the
women wear. If you should be so fortunate as to get an
opening between the crinolines, there pokes up before your ardent
gaze one of those gigantic and diabolical contraptions called
bonnets, or hats; you can see nothing but this infernal hat;
it seems to rise higher and higher the longer you look at it; if
you cast your eyes in a diagonal direction, the hat may seem to
gain an eye full of what's going on upon the stage, another
mountain of silk, and wire, and brickbat ribbon and flowers,
raises its head, whose lofty summit o'ertops the peak just in
front of you. D—n the bonnets, d—n the crinolines, d—n the
women, you feel like exclaiming, but those tender and lan-
guishing eyes, peering lip, that alabaster neck, and heav-
ing bosom of cotton—what covers a multitude of sins, and
conceals your cotton, and you will wait before their com-
bined influence, and settle yourself down again among the
women's petticoats. Now isn't it a nuisance? Isn't it a "cursed"
shame that we must be tormented by the freaks and frivolities
of the dress—dear women at home and abroad. Here, you, Mrs.
Woman—who seem inclined to give us a box on the ears—how
would you like to be covered up? Come, now, fair shake,
how would you like it? Shut out from all intercourse with the
rest of the world, blockaded by petticoats, and eclipsed by
mountains of poke bonnets. All gosh, there would be some
sharp skrimaging if you were made the victim of such frauds.
Isn't it so? But there's a glimmer of sunshine in the gloom of
this; a ray of light and hope breaking in upon our benighted
condition. 'Tis but a gleam as yet, but in that gleam we see the
breaking of the day which shall once more restore us to our
cherished rights as human beings, and bring to light and life
again the buried legions of victims to crimoline and pokes. Yea,
as we write, we are sure a silver voice from the land of the
free, and of the brave, will give us a word of encouragement
of good cheer, for the day of our resurrection draweth nigh;
starting as it may sound, it is nevertheless true that the ladies
(bless 'em, bless 'em) of Austria, have resolved to give crimoline
a "bad cut, and have intimated to the managers of the Vienna
theatres that they will not patronize theatres where the actresses
wear crinolines. Jubilate, and glory in excess, whatever that
may mean. The day of our deliverance is at hand. Hurrah!
Bully for the Austrians. Down with crimoline, perish poke
bonnets, a las the women. Hip, hip, day is breaking, and the
people are free.

Peg Woffington has pegged out at last, and hereafter we are
to have "No Rest for the Wicked," at Laura Keane's. Peg has
had a comfortable little run; much longer than the manager
looked for; and Laura has, in addition, come boldly to the front
as a great actress in such parts as Peg Woffington.

Mickey Warren was announced to dance for G. L. Fox's benefit,
at the old Bowery, on the 17th inst. Mickey is no slouch in
dancing. With proper care of himself, and plenty of practice, he
ought to "go up like a lead."

Hooley's Minstrels are now in their fourth week over at the
pious village of Brooklyn, and we are glad to observe that they
win the approbation of large and fashionable audiences. There
are eighteen star performers, or performers who ought to be
stars. For names, see advertisement. On the 16th, there was a
"chorus operatic chorus" given for the first time, and it was
this new arrangement of a piece of Carl von Weber's music
was finely played and well received. Arthur Hughes is not only
great with the tambourine, but promises to be a second Luke West
as a vocalist and end man. Charley Neil puts into "dem
bones," and is a capital performer in all the comic sketches for
which he may be cast. I. B. Proctor, the sentimental singer,
sweetly wins the hearts of all the more fastidious church goers.
T. M. Hayes, in his clog dances, wins applause all around.
Alfred Blair, with his English concertina, is really wonderful.
Master Eddie's wench dancing is well managed. Altogether, the
corner of Court and Remsen streets now seems quite luminous.

At Wood's Minstrel Hall, 514 Broadway, opposite the St. Nich-
olas Hotel, our citizens and occasional visitors delight to honor
a capital company of performers, and in return, go home de-
lighted with the amusing programmes nightly presented. It
seems to be "Wood Up" all the time at this house. The new
acts are all pleasing, such as The Deserted Miner, Othello, Broad-
way Belle, Jealous Musicians, The Four Vultures, Our African
Cousins, The Bird Hunters, Blacksmith's Jubilee, etc., any one
of which is worth the price of admission, to say nothing of the
extra fun and refining sentiment. Business has been so good
during the past week, that but little change has been deemed
necessary for the present.

"Wake up, William Henry?" Of course he will, and so we
can all go to Bryant's old quarters at 472 Broadway, where
"The Scourged Condemned," or "The Ragged Dicks," or some
such comical compound of wit and philosophy is sure to
be among the good things on the programme (and some-
times two or three of them) almost any evening—except
Sunday. How Neil and Dan contrive to cook it all up, we
never could make out; but their talented company enable them
to carry out their desire to deserve the postage of the day
by the public. Not to take our country cousins there would be
"Cruelty to Johnny."

Master and Miss Farrand, formerly engaged as ballet dancers at
some of our principal theatres, are at present without an en-
gagement. Their address is 390 Broome street, New York.

Our old Knickerbocker readers will scarcely need reminding
that the Committee of the Board of Trustees of the New York
Fire Department, have arranged with Manager Wheatley, at
Niblo's Garden, to have a benefit for the Widows and Orphans'
Fund of the department, on the 25th. "May God bless those
widows and orphans!" is a prayer that all regular Yorkers can
join in, at church or not at church. Brother Hackett has offered
his services, and a bill especially prepared for the occasion must
yield a bumper.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music is to have Miss Bateman on
the 29

THE THREE GAMBLERS OUTWITTED.

BY JOE PIKE, OF ARKANSAW.

In those good old days when antiquated gamblers recall with a sigh—when card playing, with all its concomitant cheating, was quite a respectable amusement on all the "floating palaces" of the West and South—the steamer Swallow, the pride of the Mississippi, was making one of her last upward trips from New Orleans to St. Louis. At a small, insignificant landing on the way up, a tall, lank, long-legged, long-armed, long-haired, lantern-jawed individual, dressed in a rustic suit, came on board, with an air of ludicrous pomposity, followed by a short, stout, round-faced, sleek-looking negro, carrying an old-fashioned leather trunk, and a sky-blue cotton umbrella.

"Fotch 'em along, Gumbo, and don't spill 'em nary a time!" said the master, as, with about three strides of his long legs, he reached the steps leading to the guards. "Up here, Gumbo!" he added, with another consequential flourish, "we goes it cabin!"

"Yes, Mars, nary spill it dis chile!" grinned the negro, showing two immense rows of beautiful white teeth, and rolling his large eyes from side to side with comical winks and leers at the amused spectators, deck hands and passengers, who simultaneously burst out into a roar of laughter.

The principal cause of all this merriment never once seemed to suspect that any one was laughing at him, but went up the steps two at a time, entered the gentlemen's saloon, and, in the same pompous tone, said to the first person he met, a mild, quiet, venerable man, who was slowly pacing to and fro with his hands behind his back.

"Stranger, whar's the clerk of this yere craft?" The gentleman addressed, glanced at the speaker, at the grinning negro with the trunk on his shoulder, just behind him, smiled to himself, and pointed with his finger to the office.

"Fotch 'em along, Gumbo, and nary a spill 'em nary a time!" said the eccentric rustic, and with two or three strides more he reached the clerk's window.

Almost immediately a crowd of amused spectators formed behind him, in anticipation of some rare sport, for the long-legged individual was not only a character, but a very green one.

"I say, old boss, ar' you the clerk of this yere boat?" called out the stranger, in a loud, familiar tone.

"Yes-sir-ee-hoss-fly!" returned the clerk with a laugh, winking at some of the by-standers, all of whom were grinning and tittering.

"Spect her b'iler won't bust, hey?" inquiringly suggested greeny.

"I hope not," replied the clerk, making a great effort to appear serious.

"Spect she won't snag, hey?"

"I hope not."

"Reckon I'll risk her. Now, then, I want hull room to myself; don't keer nothing about cost; heaps o' tin; name yer pile!"

"If you take a whole state room—and I believe there's one, and only one, unoccupied—I shall have to charge you double fare," said the clerk.

"That's 'em—I takes that—let her rip!"

The clerk named his price, and the stranger brought out an old, greasy wallet, stuffed full of bank notes, some of them of a pretty high figure, which two or three professional gamblers who were mingled with the crowd behind did not fail to eye with a marked degree of satisfaction, readily accounted for by the fact that sooner or later they hoped to see the same transferred to their own pockets.

"Where to?" asked the clerk, as the rustic stranger handed in his wallet, and told him to help himself.

"As far's he goes—take it clean through."

"What name?" again inquired the clerk, returning the wallet, minus the double fare.

"Pike!"

"Any other name, sir?"

"Joe, that's all—Joe Pike of Arkansaw."

"Well, Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw," smiled the clerk, "there's your key, with the number of your state room attached, and I hope you will have a pleasant trip."

"But thar's the nigger—my boy—I see you've forgot him!" said Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw, looking round at Gumbo, who was standing back, quietly awaiting further orders, with the trunk still on his shoulder, and the sky blue cotton umbrella under his arm. "What's his damage?"

"Oh, never mind him!" said the clerk. "Considering you have paid double fare already, I guess we'll throw him in."

"Gumbo, you black rascal, d'yer hear that? You're huv in—you're no account—haw! haw! haw!" roared Mr. Joe Pike, of Arkansaw, and all the bystanders roared in concert. "Here," he continued, tossing the key to the black, "take that ar brass and tote off my trunk and umbrella, with nary a spill, and watch 'em till I comes to yer!" Then turning to the clerk again, as the negro withdrew, he added:

"Old boss, what's yer name?"

"Brown," laughed the clerk.

"Wall, Brown," said Arkansaw, "you're a trump, and as I'm about to liquor, I wants you to liquor with me, Brown."

"Beg your pardon, sir," said one of the gamblers before mentioned, laying his hand familiarly on the shoulder of Mr. Pike, and speaking jocosely, "you said something about trumps just now—what are trumps?"

"I reckon it's a knave of something that's turned up now!" replied Pike, looking his interrogator straight in the eye.

The gambler colored, and the crowd laughed, with cries of "Good! good!"

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Joe Pike, with one of his magnificent flourishes, "let's all liquor!"

He led the way to the bar, and about half of those present, among whom were the three gamblers, accepted his invitation and drank his health.

"Do you ever play?" said another of the gamblers, watching his chance and drawing him aside.

"Keerds?" returned Pike.

"Yes—euchre, whist, poker, twenty-one, all fours, or anything else you choose."

"Why, I'm a boss at all of them, stranger—haw! haw! haw!" roared the gentleman from Arkansaw. "The last time I played I licked every cub that bet agin me—haw! haw! haw! I play keerds? Spect I does—a few! Let's all have another wet, and then see who wants me to show 'em how!"

After having another drink all round, which the gambler, in order to appear generous, and get the good will of the company, insisted on paying for, the crowd adjourned to one of the card tables in the main saloon, to enjoy the sport of seeing the green Mr. Pike fleeced of all his money by the skillful cheating of three notorious gamblers. In one sense of the word, the spectators looked upon him as a lamb in the clutches of wolves, but not one of them made a single attempt to warn him of his danger, for besides the fact that the gamblers were not men to have their plans interfered with with impunity, they thought the boasting Mr. Pike deserved to have a little sharp, humiliating experience, and they felt a morbid curiosity to see in what manner he would bear his defeat and loss. Such is human nature the world over, when no particular chord of sympathy or interest is touched.

Mr. Pike was not ready to begin play immediately, however. He must go to his state-room first, to fix himself up a little, give his boy orders, and so forth and so on, and it was at least a good hour before the impatient gamblers saw him sauntering down between them.

"What shall we play, Mr. Pike, and for what stake?" now politely inquired one of the trio.

"Spect we'd better make it whist first—that thar man opposite my pardner—fur a dollar a corner, till I git

the feel of the keerds," replied Mr. Joe Pike, looking round triumphantly, with an air that seemed to say: "You see I know what I'm talking about, if you do think me green."

This of course was not the game the gamblers wanted to play; but they assented to the proposition, and waited an hour of their precious time over it—Pike and his partner winning three times in succession.

"Let us play poker now," at length said one of the losers.

"Not yet," replied Pike, "that'll do to wind up on. Let us try euchre."

Euchre was played until all were heartily sick of it—Pike and his partner being allowed to win every bet.

"You play well, gentlemen," said one of the losers—for though the three gamblers, including the partner of Pike, were really colleagues, it was intended of course that their dupe should suppose them to be merely fellow-passengers, each having a separate interest. "You play well, gentlemen—too well at least, for me—and I want to try something else."

"Yes, all-fours, by thunder!" exclaimed Pike; "we'll give you a chance to git yer money back."

"No, poker!" said both of the opposition.

"All-fours!" returned Arkansaw.

"Pshaw!" let us try them at poker!" said Pike's partner. "I think either of us can beat them at anything."

"All-fours, by thunder!" persisted Joe Pike, of Arkansaw.

And all fours it was, for two weary hours, before the green dupe would consent to have the game changed. Then counting over his winnings, and finding himself about twenty-five or thirty dollars the gainer, he suddenly concluded he would not play any more till after supper, much to the vexation of the gamblers, and the disappointment of those who had been waiting so patiently to see him fleeced.

Supper over, the tables cleared away, and the lamps lighted, the gamblers produced their cards, and succeeded at last in persuading their good friend, Mr. Pike, to sit down to a game of poker, one dollar ante. For a couple of hours the game went on with varying success—sometimes one party ahead, and sometimes another—but all the bets being so small, and the game so uninteresting, that several of those who had watched all through the day, to see Mr. Pike victimized, got tired and disgusted, and either repaired to their berths for the night, or sought to amuse themselves in some other way. A few still lingered around the table, in a listless, sleepy manner, but these soon had their yawns checked, and eyes opened, by hearing Joe Pike of Arkansaw exclaim:

"I sees that thar fifty, and goes five hundred better!" at the same time quietly placing five hundred and fifty dollars upon the pile in the centre of the table.

Two of the others now threw up their hands; but the third man, after looking at his cards, and evidently considering the chances for a few moments, said, with cool deliberation, as he drew a large, well-stuffed pocket-book from his bosom:

"I see your five hundred, my country friend, and go five thousand dollars better."

A sensation among the spectators, and all looked curiously and eagerly at the man from Arkansaw.

"Oh! bluff yer game, hey!" said he. "Wall, thar's two kin play at that. Gumbo!"

"Yes, Mars!" replied the negro, suddenly appearing from Pike's state-room.

"Fotch me the bundle tied up in the umbrel, and don't make nary a spill!"

The negro disappeared and quickly returned, with an immense roll of bank notes. The gamblers opened their eyes, and the spectators began to grow much excited. Other parties now came crowding up, and gentlemen, who had overheard the conversation, came out of their state-rooms half-dressed. Pike deliberately unrolled the notes handed him by his servant, and displayed figures of one hundred, five hundred, and even a thousand dollars. Calmly and quietly counting over the notes, he laid them down on the table, and said with a grin:

"I sees that thar five thousand, and goes ten thousand dollars better—I does!"

Slightly pale, but his small, black eyes gleaming with a sort of malicious triumph, the gambler nervously produced another large package of notes, counted down ten thousand dollars more, and exclaimed, as he laid down his hand:

"I call you and win. Four kings and an ace can't be beat!"

"Yes it kin—four aces does it!" cries Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw, throwing down that astonishing hand, and the next moment covering the money on the table with two brawny fists, in one of which was a five-shooter, and in the other a huge bowie-knife.

"Foul! foul!" cried all the gamblers, starting up with wild excitement. "A cheat! a swindle! There are only four aces in the pack!"

"Seems to have been five in this yere one!" said Pike, coolly, "and as you three thieves fotched on the keerds yourselves, if thar's any cheatin you must have done it. Gumbo!" he added, rising to his full height, "rake that thar pile, boy, and travel, and nary a spill, and the fust man teches you I'll blow his brains out!"

In less time than it takes us to tell it, the active negro had cleaned the table of more than thirty thousand dollars, and darted into his master's state-room. The scene that followed beggars description. The spectators were wildly excited, and the gamblers raved stamped, and swore they would have revenge. Pike coolly maintained his ground, menacing them with his five-shooter, and as soon as he could make his voice heard, he thundered out:

"Skulk, you thieves and counterfeits, afore I lets daylight through ye!" Yer know that more than half the money you'r whining over ar bogus! I knows ye, ef yer don't me! You're gallus birds! Yer tuk me for a greenhorn, but yer got hold of the wrong customer! You've heard of me, I knows. I'm no Joe Pike, but Jo Blueskin, at your service! and ef yer wants anything more, yer can hev it!"

This was the name of a notorious and desperate Texan gambler; and on learning who their redoubtable antagonist really was, the gamblers muttered curses, not loud, but deep. At the next landing the trio disappeared, leaving Mr. Joe Pike of Arkansaw, alias Jo Blueskin of Texas, a clear field. He turned out to be quite a refined, good-natured fellow, for one of his desperate profession—his rusticity of language and dress having been assumed to carry out his purpose. He paid for all the liquor the passengers chose to drink, and all the way up the river the regular toast was—"THE WRONG CUSTOMER."

THAT FLAG.—They are telling a good story in Troy, as follows: It was rumored that a gentleman known to be a loyal citizen had a secession flag flying from his house. Of course, there was a tremendous hue and cry raised, and an excited party started for the premises. On reaching the house, it was found to be a lady's balmoral that had been washed and hung from the back window to dry. The husband avowed his determination to stand by that flag as long as he lived, and the effervescent crowd exploded and disappeared.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE BY MEASUREMENT.—The Farmers' Gazette (an Irish paper) gives the following as an approximate rule for obtaining by measurement the dead weight of cattle: "Take the girth in inches behind the forearm, square it by multiplying it by itself; multiply that product by the length, taken in inches, from the top of the shoulder to a line perpendicular to the buttocks; multiply that product by the decimal .07958, and divide it by 576, which reduces it to stones of 14 pounds each, 8 of which make one hundred weight."

How WOLVES CAPTURE WILD HORSES.—Whenever wolves associate together for mischief, there is always a numerous train of smaller ones to follow in the rear, and act as auxiliaries in the work of destruction. Two large wolves are sufficient to destroy the most powerful horse, and seldom more than two ever begin the assault, although there may be a score in the gang. It is no less curious than amusing, to witness their ingenious mode of attack. If there is no snow, or but little on the ground, two wolves approach in the most playful manner, lying, rolling, and frisking about, until the too credulous and unsuspecting victim is completely put off his guard by curiosity and familiarity. During this time, the gang, squatting, are looking on at a distance. After some time spent in this way, the two assailants separate, when one approaches the horse's head, and the other his tail, with a shyness and cunning peculiar to themselves. At this stage of the attack, their frolicsome approaches become very interesting; the former is a mere decoy, the latter is the real assailant, and keeps his eyes steadily fixed on the hamstrings or flank of the horse. The critical moment is then watched, and the attack is simultaneous; both wolves spring at their victim at the same instant—one to the throat, the other to the flank—and if successful, which they generally are, the hind one never lets go his hold till the horse is completely disabled. Instead of springing forward or kicking to disengage himself, the horse turns round and round, without attempting a defence. The wolf before, then springs behind to assist the other. The sinews are then cut, and in half the time that I have been describing it, the horse is on his side; his struggles are fruitless—the victory is won. By this signal, the lookers-on close in at a gallop; the small fry of followers keep at a respectable distance, until their superiors are gorged, and then they take their turn unmolested.

SUSAN BLAKE'S EPITAPH.—It is said that Tom Moore, one right while stopping an inn in Scotland, was troubled by the landlady with the request that he would write her epitaph. Accordingly, at night, he gave impromptu as follows:

"Good Susan Blake in royal state,
Arrived at last at her master's gate!"

and stopped, promising to finish it in the morning. The good lady was in transports at the inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the lady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That's so," said he, and immediately added—

"But Peter met her with a club,
And knocked her back to Belzebub."

It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

WHIST, YE DIVIL.—During the run of "Tom and Jerry," which was played in Dublin some fifty or more nights successively, Barry's originally white Russia duck trousers, which he continued to wear night after night, began to assume rather a dusky shade, indicating their innocence of soap and water. At last, when those long-enduring duck trousers made their appearance about the twentieth night, encasing Barry's legs as if they grew there and were never to undergo a change, "sea-change," fresh water, or other one of Barry's persecutors cried out to him from the gallery, "Whist, Barry, you divil!" "What do you want, you blackguard?" said Barry, nothing moved by a style of address with which he was familiar. "Wait till I whisper you," said the voice. All the house was silent. "When did your ducks take the water last?" The audience roared with laughter for several minutes; and Barry, for the first time in his life, was beaten by the gallery. The next night, however, a change was evident, and his Russia ducks were white as Russia snows.

CHARGING A JURY.—If the jury believe from the evidence that the plaintiff and the defendant were partners in a grocery, and the plaintiff bought out the defendant, paid for the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted "not breachy," and the warranty was broken by the breachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back, tendered her to the defendant, but the defendant refused to receive her; the plaintiff took her home again, and put a heavy yoke or poke upon her to prevent her from jumping the fence, and by reason of the yoke or poke, broke her neck and died; and if the jury further believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was not worth anything, and the plaintiff's note worthless and the cow good for nothing, either for milk or for beef, then the jury must find out themselves how they must decide the case; for the court, if it understand itself, and it thinks it does, don't know how such a case should be decided.

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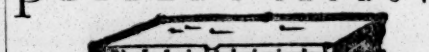
Her smooth skin, once as pellucid and white
As alabaster, or fresh fallen snow,
Was tanned as black as an Egyptian night!
A furze above her lip began to grow;
Freckles her face and neck had covered quite;
Her luscious lips had lost their ruby glow;
Her hair became quite wiry, and her dimples
Completely hidden were by yellow pimples.

It is a mournful spectacle to observe the dejection of a lady whose clear, white skin, has been tanned into blackness, or per- adventure dotted with unseemly freckles by exposure to the sun, but when the fair face is moreover speckled with yellow pimples, our sympathy is mingled with disgust. One trial of GOURAUD'S delicious ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP will convince the most incredulous that it is capable of restoring to the skin, similarly dis- figured, all its pristine beauty, softness, whiteness and translu- cence. A furze upon a lady's upper lip is positively odious; but the hirsute appendage can be immediately eradicated by GOUR- AUD'S POUT-DRE SUBTILE. A magnificent crimson stain can be imparted to pale lips and cheeks by GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE. Wiry hair is rendered beautifully silky and glossy by GOURAUD'S HAIR RESTORATIVE. GOURAUD'S instantaneous LIQUID HAIR DYE, warranted not to stain the skin, is the wonder of the day. GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE imparts a life- like whiteness to sallow, rough skins.

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